

The Toy of *NUREMBERG*



Lillian Baker Sturges



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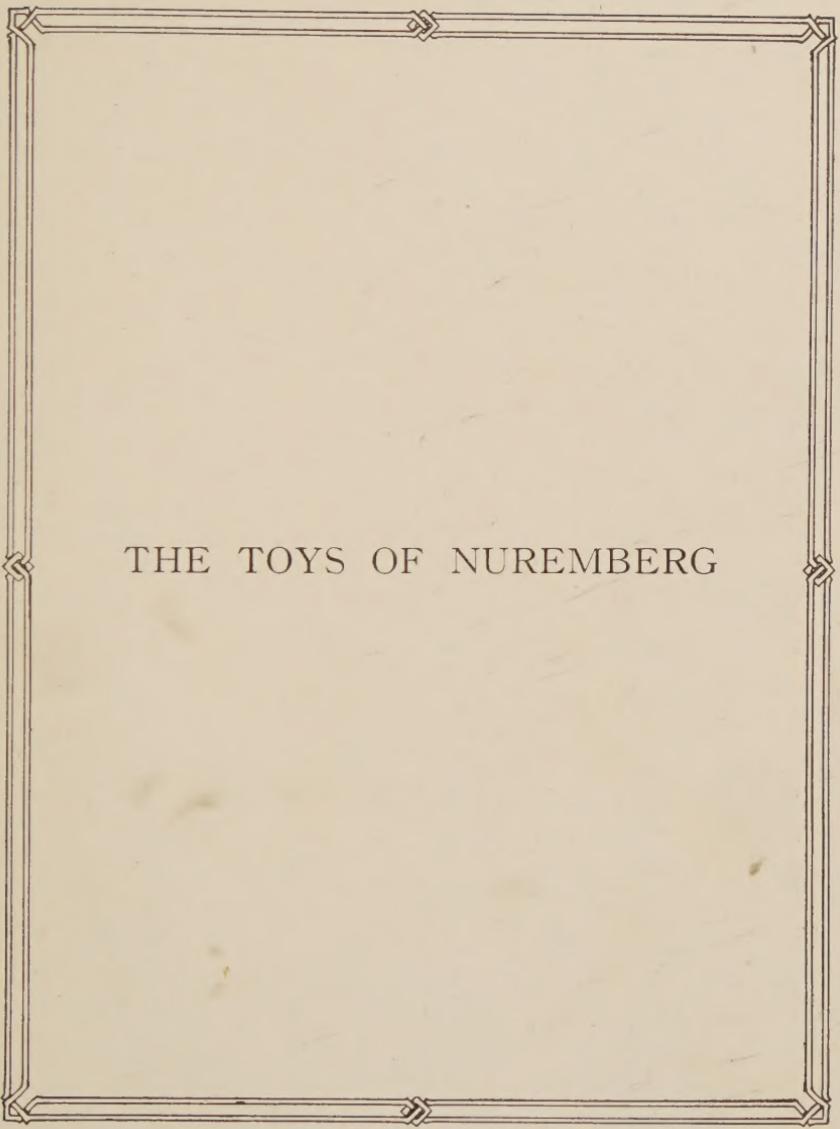
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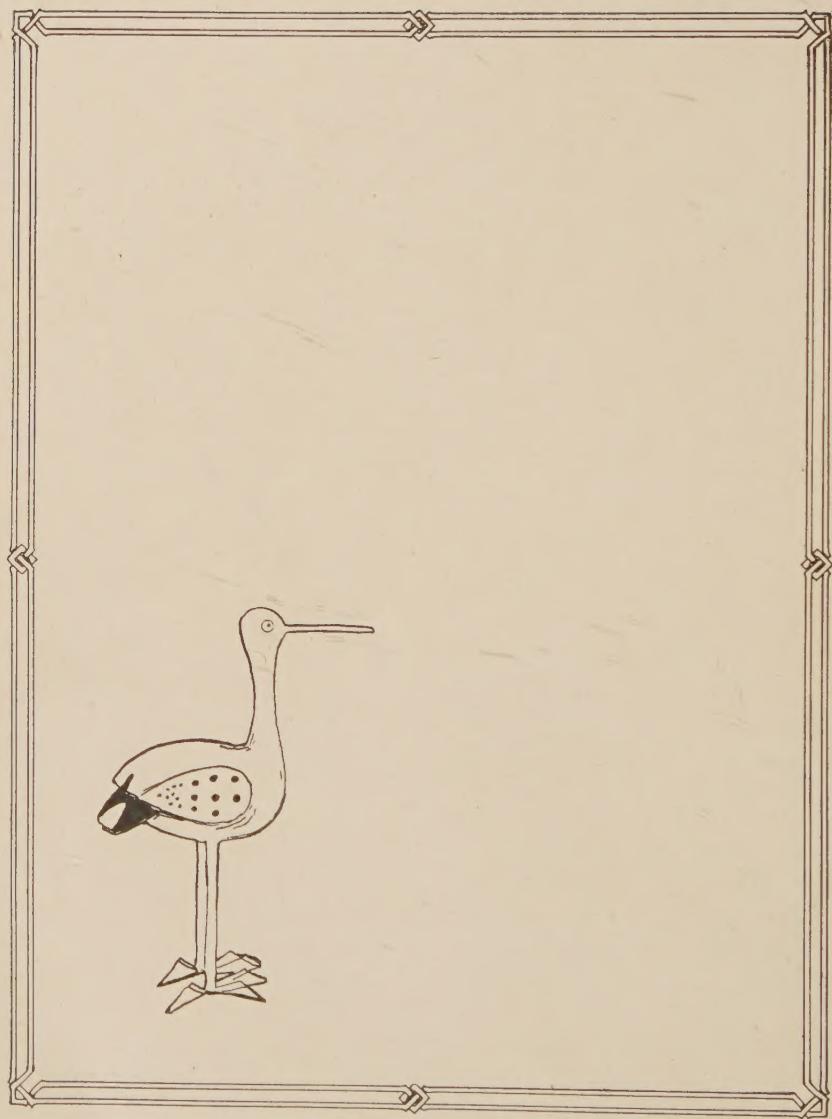
Merry Christmas

Clarence Bean

from Donald-



THE TOYS OF NUREMBERG

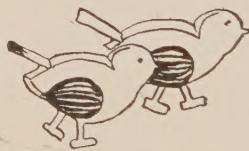


The Toys of Nuremberg

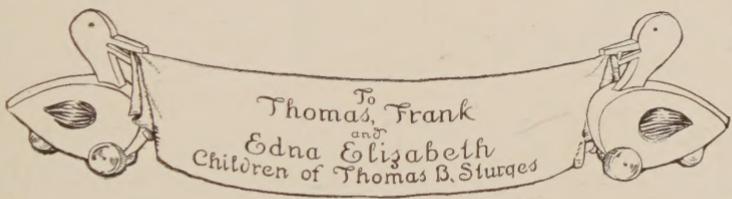
By
Lillian Baker Sturges

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In the province of Bavaria there is a queer old town called Nuremberg, or, as the German people call it, Nürnberg. It is surrounded by a high stone wall and a deep ditch or moat, over which there are many drawbridges leading to gateways. This is the only way by which one can get into the town.

The River Pegnitz runs through Nuremberg and divides it into two almost equal parts. All the streets are narrow and crooked; they wind among the quaint houses, picturesque with oriel windows and turrets, carved stone balconies gay with flower boxes, and lofty, peaked gables and red-tiled roofs.

Many of your toys came from Nuremberg. Toys of all kinds are made there,—tin soldiers, gayly painted Noah's Arks, wonderful wooden animals, gorgeously colored birds, and mechanical toys with machinery and hidden wheels that enable clowns and animals to perform various antics. Throughout Nuremberg and the Thüringian Forest the peasant women spend

PREFACE

many hours every day dressing dolls, making for them little gowns, muslin aprons, and flower-bordered shawls. The men paint gay doll houses, smiling jumping jacks, the brilliantly colored feathers of the wooden birds, and the uniforms of the toy soldiers.

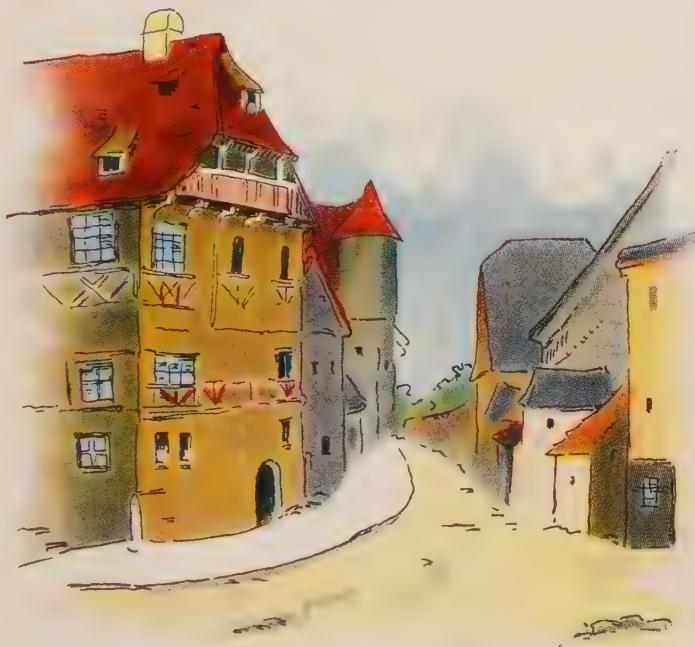
For many years the children of Nuremberg longed to touch and caress some of these toys. But when the dolls were dressed, and the toys were painted, oh, no, indeed, not any of them were given to these children to play with; they were all taken to a toy shop, where they would stand on shelves for a long time. Later they would be packed in huge boxes and sent to England, America, and many other countries.

I am going to tell you what happened to the toys that grew tired of staying in the toy shop, and to the little children who wanted them. Then you will see why their mothers now give them toys to play with all day long, and to take to bed with them at night.

THE AUTHOR







THE TOYS OF NUREMBERG

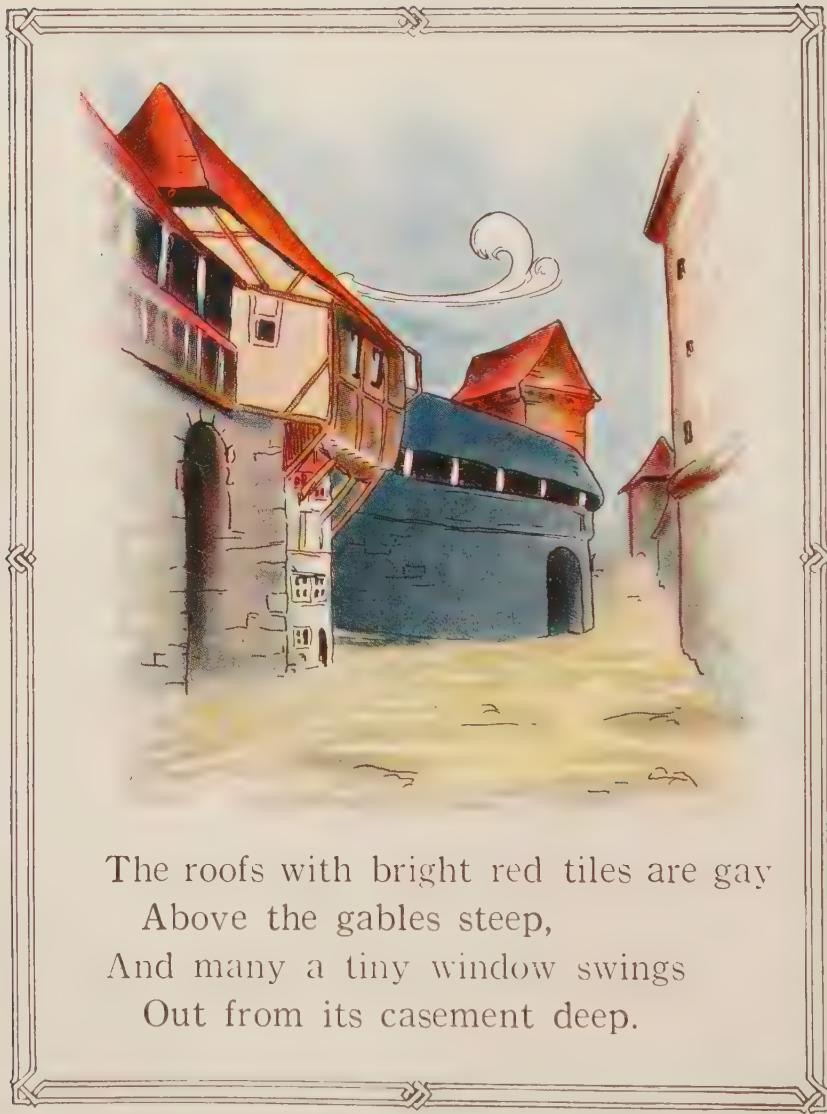
In far away Bavaria,
There is a queer old town
Whose narrow streets and dwellings
 quaint
Have brought it great renown.



A high stone wall surrounds the place,
A hundred towers rise,
And many a tower once rose high
That now in ruin lies.

The crooked, narrow streets, they wind
Among the dwellings old;
The balconies are decked with blooms
Of crimson, blue, and gold.





The roofs with bright red tiles are gay
Above the gables steep,
And many a tiny window swings
Out from its casement deep.

And now that day is nearly done,
The sun low in the west,
Let's wander down this crooked street
Far narrower than the rest.





Oh, what a rainbow-colored town!—
You'd surely like to stop
And look in through the window panes
To see this fine Toy Shop.



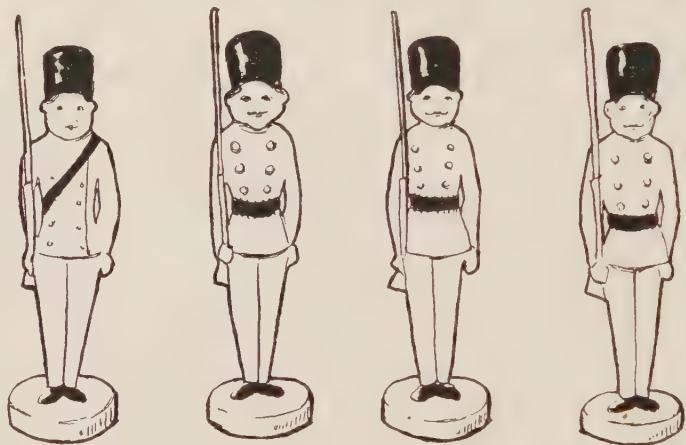
For Nuremberg, as well you know,
Is noted for its Toys;
They're sent the wide, wide world
around
To please the Girls and Boys.



Alas! they are all sent away
To far-off foreign lands;
The Little Ones of Nuremberg
Must play with empty hands.

Oh, see that curious little door!
Shall we not step inside?
The Shopman beckons us to come,—
He views his wares with pride.

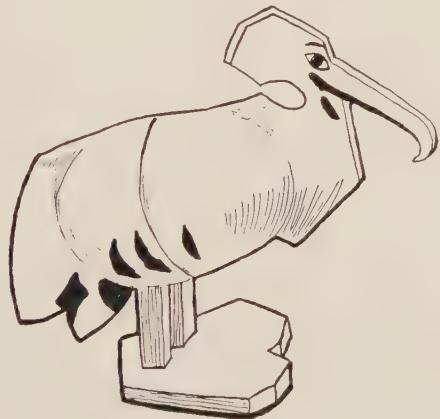




See, there's a squad of Soldier Men
Dressed out in bright array;
They hold their muskets at their
sides
To guard the Toys alway.

There stand the queerest Wooden
Birds,—

A Pelican so bright,
A Stork with very long, thin legs,
And feathers painted white.



And here's a pretty red-roofed Ark
Upon a counter high,
All full of Wooden Animals,
With Noah standing by.





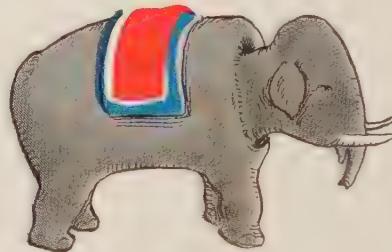
And here are many lovely Dolls
With flowing curly locks,
Some clad in common calico,
And some in silken frocks.



There 're Dolls of wood, and Dolls
of rags,
And Dolls that really walk,
And Dolls that jump, and Dolls
that sleep,
And Dolls that truly talk.

Then see those funny "Rolly Dolls,"—
The sort that won't lie down;
And Sailor Dolls in sailor suits;—
A Humpty Dumpty Clown.





An Elephant that nods his head;
A Rocking Horse that rocks;
A Duck-on-wheels; a Bird that sings;
A pert Jack-in-the-box.

These Patent Toys are wonderful!
You turn a little key;
A Monkey walks, a Rooster crows
By strange machinery.



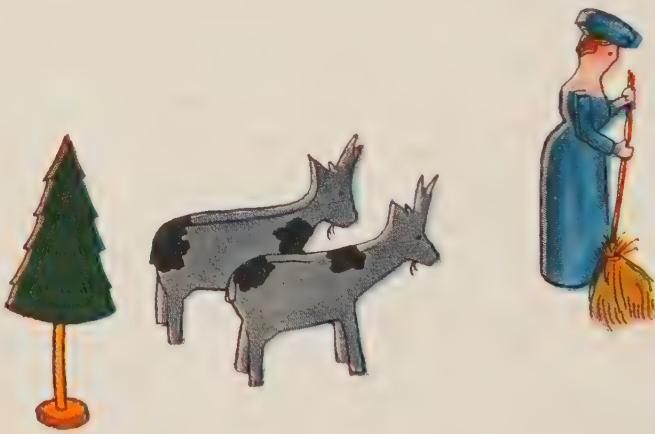


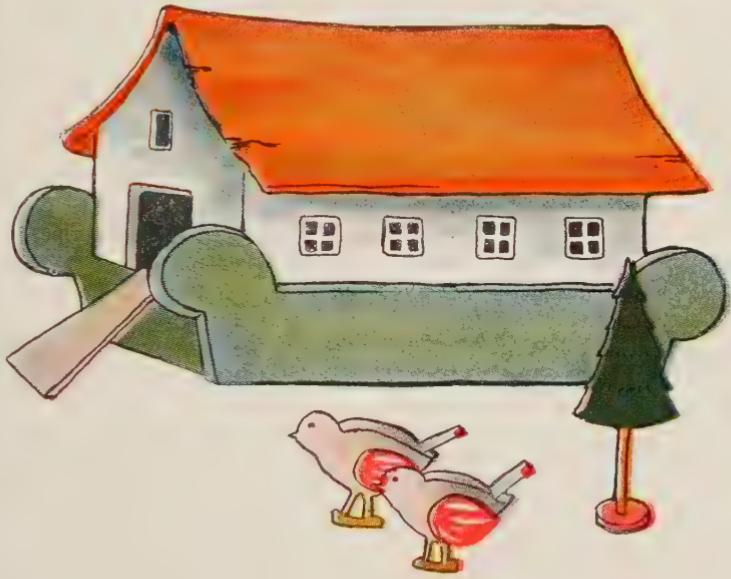
Once on a time the Shopman, Hans,
Old, and forgetful quite,
Wide open left the Toy Shop door
And went home for the night,



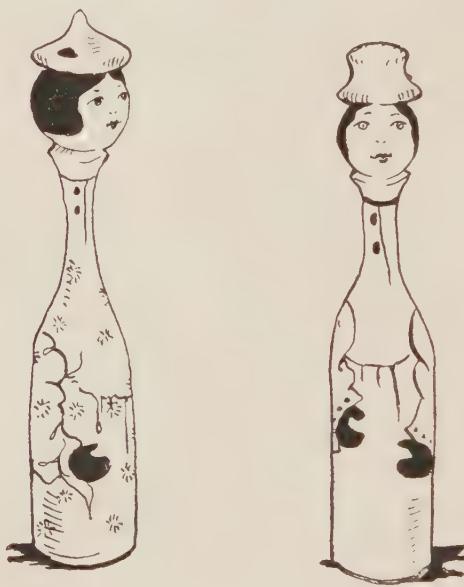
Leaving the Toys unguarded there.
It presently grew dark,
And then arose a murmuring
Up near the Noah's Ark.

“Oh dear!” ’twas Mrs. Noah sighed—
“Again it’s time to sweep”;—
Night was her time to clean the Ark
While others were asleep.





“Yes, I must sweep, and dust, and
clean,
And work the whole night long.”
She flourished high her broom in air,
Singing her doleful song.



“Our lot is worst of all,” spoke out
A Tenpin with a frown,
“Just think of being only made
For some one to knock down.

“We dread to feel the hard balls
come;
We'd like to travel forth,
And visit all about the world—
East, west, and south and north.”





“I’m sure I’m tired of staying
here,”
Exclaimed the Jumping Jack;
“I’d like to jump and limber up
This stiffness in my back.

“ The other Jacks are happier far
Who ’ve gone to foreign shores,
For they know something of the world
And dwell in lovely stores.”





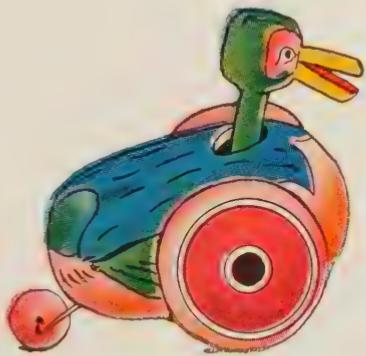
“I’d like just once to see the moon,—
It is my fondest dream
To gaze upon a real, true moon,
Not just a stray moonbeam.”



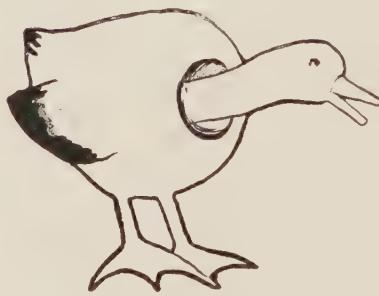
Thus spoke the pretty Waxen Doll,—
And then she heaved a sigh;
“We'll never see the moon from
here,”
Was Noah's sad reply.



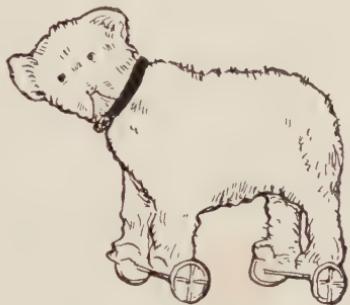
The Camel made a mournful noise,
The Rag Doll gave a groan;
The Duck-on-wheels—the wisest one—
Spoke out in hopeful tone:



“I know I’m just a Wooden Duck,
But I have wheels inside;
If one of you would wind me up
I could go far and wide.



“ Into the great big, glorious world,
And oh, the sights I’d see!
Yes, sights both new and wonderful;—
Won’t someone please wind me?”



“Oh, let me help you, Mrs. Duck,”
The Jumping Jack replied,
“If I can only find the key
That winds your works inside.



“ Ah, here’s the key, and there’s the
lock
Right underneath your wing;
Of all the Animals in the Shop
You are the queerest thing!



“ You know you really cannot walk,
 You always wabble so;
But I suppose that is the way
 That all real live ducks go.”

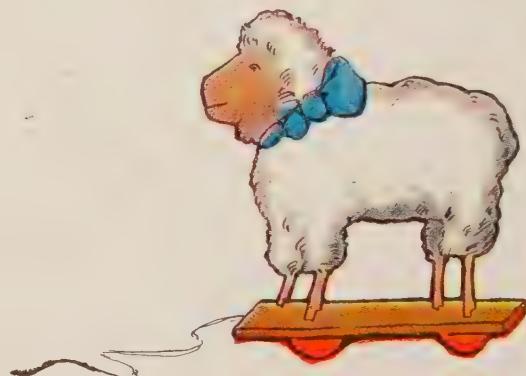


The Rubber Balls cried: "We can
bounce,"
And bounced down to the floor;
They bounced, and bounced, and
bounced again,
And bounced right out the door.



The Jumping Jack began to jump,
The Duck began to go,—
And every stiffened wooden joint
Limber began to grow.





Good Mrs. Noah followed next,—
The Animals two by two,
The Rocking Horse, the Lamb-on-
wheels,
The squad of Soldiers too;

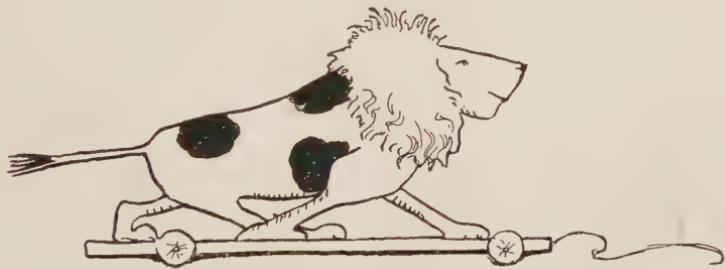


Lillian Baker Sturges



The grinning Humpty Dumpty
Clown,
And all the Patent Toys,
The Wooden Duck, the Pelican,
The Dolls, and Sailor Boys;

The Elephant with nodding head
The Lion that could roar,—
Yes, every Toy from off the shelves
Went out the open door.

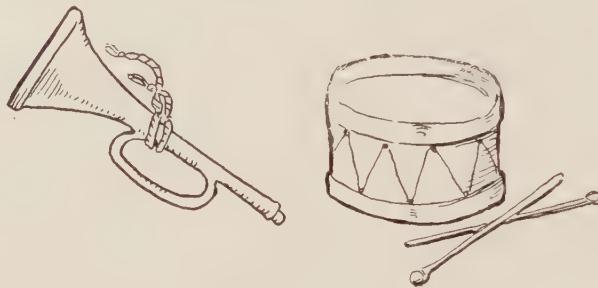




Out through the door into the street,
The gay procession went,
With jostle, tumble, rush, and bang—
On sight-seeing intent.



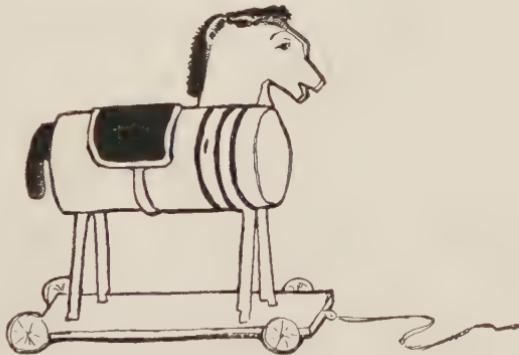
The Children, they were fast asleep—
Such chubby Girls and Boys!—
When down the silent moonlit street
Marched on the troops of Toys.



And mingled with the sleepy dreams
A rumbling, faint "Tum, tum,"—
The Children, very well they knew
The beat of a Toy Drum.

They heard the tread of hosts of Toys,
Of clacking hoofs and heels,
The squeaking of the wooden joints,
The whirring sound of wheels.

And as the troop came down the
street,
The noise much louder grew,
The Soldiers harder beat their
Drums,
More shrill their Trumpets blew.





From underneath the coverlets
Stirs many a little head;
The Children soon are wide awake
And bounding out of bed.

One glimpse from windows open wide—

The Toys in moonlight glow;
They flash and gleam with color bright

As they pass on below.





Down many a winding flight of
stairs,
All stealthily and fleet,
Came echoing through the hallways
dark
The patter of little feet.

Never before was such a sight
In quaint old Nürnberg town—
Each Little One tripped blithely out
In white nightcap and gown.





Tripped blithely out into the street—
The Children good and fair,
The Children who were naughty too—
The Boys with curly hair;



The little Girls with hair in plaits
Of flaxen, brown, or gold;
The Children who were very shy;
Those who were brave and bold;



The Children with the azure eyes,
With eyes of black or gray;
The Children who were quite demure;
Those who were bright and gay;



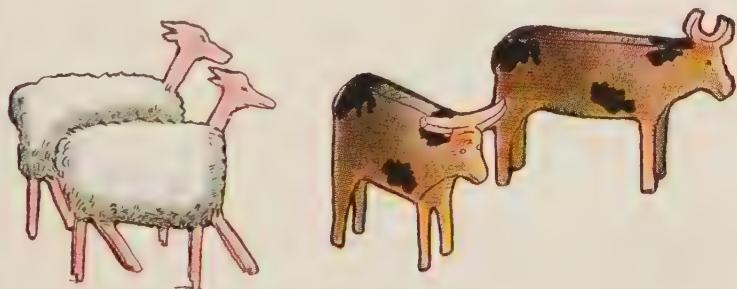
The Children who were wan and thin;
The Children round and plump;
The Boys and Girls came one and all
With hop, and skip, and jump.



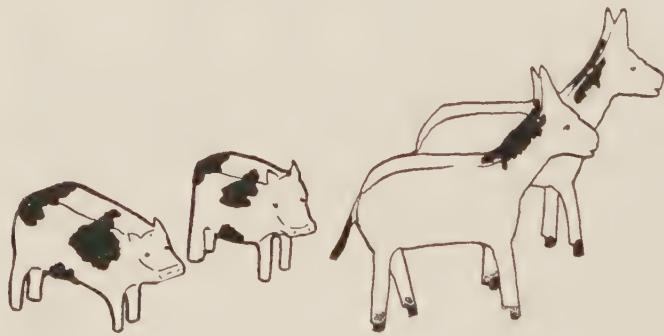
Oh, where were all the Mothers, that
The Tots they did not spy?
The Storks looked down and scolded
them
From nests on housetops high.

The Toys marched on with never a
glance

At the Children trooping out,
They did not even seem to hear
Their joyous laugh and shout.



But ever forward on their march,
Through many a crooked street;
The Children followed after them
In their soft-slippered feet;

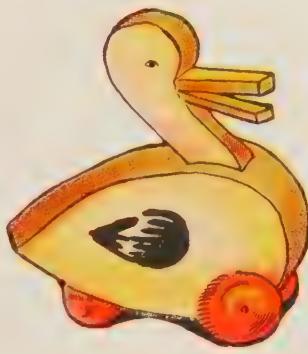




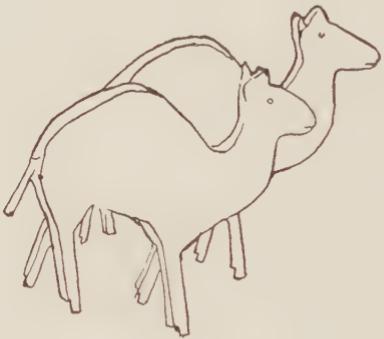
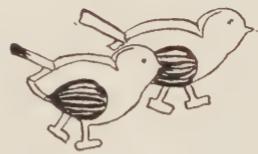
Past Albert Dürer's quaint old house
With many gables steep;
Past old clock-towers of carven
stone;
Across the Pegnitz deep;



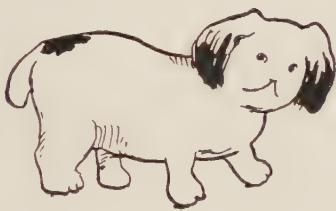
Past little stores and flower-shops
So desolate and drear;
On past the fountains, where the
stars
Were mirrored bright and clear;



On to the massive city wall,
The gates stood open wide;
The train marched on across the
bridge
That spanned the moat outside;



Then forth into the open road,—
 Across the meadows, too,
Adown the dale, along the plain
 Where scraggy bushes grew.



But still they followed up the Toys
Farther and farther still,
Until they spied the yellow moon
Just resting on the hill.



Each Mother to her Child's room
went
To see if all were well;
But every bed stood empty —what
A shocking thing to tell!





They searched all corners of the house;

They searched the hallways, too;
They searched the narrow crooked streets;

They searched the whole town through;

They searched outside the old town
gates;—

Look! over on the hill
They saw the train just vanishing—
A sight to make them ill.



“O Children, wait,” the Mothers
shrieked,
For they were weak and spent;—
The Children never heeded them
But gaily onward went.





Across the dale and up the hill,
Breathless, yet striding fast,
They chased the truant Little Ones
And caught them, too, at last.



With wonder at the Toys they
gazed -

Then thought of empty beds;
They called the Children to turn
back;
The Children shook their heads.



“Come back, and we will give you
toys,”

Desperate the Mothers cried:
“We'll give you toys and toys and
toys,
Until you're satisfied.”



The Children turned with never a word,

And from the hill came down;
They crossed the moat, filed through
the gate,
Back into Nürnberg town.



They went contentedly to bed
Each with a Woolly Toy,
A Doll, a nodding Elephant,
An Ark, or Sailor Boy.

But not a truant Toy came back
That started forth to roam;
Maybe you'll find some, if you look,
Right here, in your own home!

